Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuarie men,
But sanctuarie children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on L: Hastings, will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our Coronation?
Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may councell you, some day or two,
Your highnesse shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit,
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I do not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious L: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue reedified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or else reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Prin. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall ending day.
Aside. *Glo.* So wise, so young, they say, do neuer liue long.
Prin. What say you Vnckle?
Glo. I say without characters fame liues long.
Thus like the formall vice iniquitie,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Cæsar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of his conquerour,
For now he liues in fame, though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cousen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin.

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a ma
Ile win our auncient right in France
Or die a souldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short summers lightly haue a for
Enter young Yorke, Hasting
Buc. Now in good time here com
Pri. Rich. of Yorke, how fares ou
Yor. Well my dread Lo: so must I
Pri. I brother to our griefe as it is
Too late he died that might haue ke
Which by his death hath lost much
Glo. How fares our Cousen noble
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle
You said that Idle weeds are fast in g
The Prince my brother hath outgr
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Cousen, I must
Yor. Then he is more beholding
Glo. He may command me as my
But you haue power in me as in a ki
Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me
Glo. My dagger little Cousen, wit
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kinde Vnckle that I
And being but a toy, which is no gr
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile g
Yor. A greater gift, O that's the s
Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it light
Yor. O thā I see you wil part but w
In weightier things youle say a beg
Glo. It is too waightie for your g
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it h
Glo. What would you haue my
Yor. I would that I might thank
Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will still
Vnckle your grace knowes how to